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SPORTING NEWS

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ELKS WOULD RACE

UNIVERSITY CREW

Comebacks Challenge Hasbeens
for Go in Lap Streak
Shells.

The Healanis oarsmen have a little regretta every day now. Yesterday there was a whirl of activity about the boat-house and the water all around was agitated by the splash of oars and the splash of swimmers. In addition to the Healanis aquarium, there were a lot of choice specimens of young polliwogs in the mosquito-weight class, attired solely in the garb of nature, frisking in the briny, and a few buxom valines were wallowing about in their holokus, looking like balloon fishes one while and then like eels, as the water ebbed and flowed therein.

In the morning the Healanis had a practise game of water polo to get in trim for the proposed series of matches. A. H. Tarlton, who is an expert diver and water polo shark, assumed the position of coach and put the schools of fin artists through their first course of training. Then Bert Heilbron had his shell crew out, working up a vigorous stroke to beat Ned Crabbe's bunch of Myrtles. The Myrtles caught one good crabbe when they landed Ned. Crabbe is stroke of his crew, and the other three are Ralph Johnson, Gus Beckert and Gus Schaefer. Heilbron is going to put L. Cunha (stroke), Bill James, Charlie Brown and Ginger Mayne up against them. The Healanis took out their Olympic shell yesterday, and they say it runs fine with a light crew. They have had the Olympic a long time, but have not used it in a race for the reason that it is too light for a heavy crew. With hundred and sixty pounders in it the boat wobbles a shifty course, but yesterday they tried it with a crew averaging one hundred and forty pounds per man, and she scooted along lively.

After accomplishing good results with the Olympic, Heilbron cast his eye wistfully toward the lapstreak shell which the Healanis got from Australia some years ago and commenced to reminisce. He took a mental ramble back to 1906, when the University Club crew beat the Elks by a boatlength in a half-mile race at Pearl Harbor, and there he dwelt in soliloquy. "In those days," he mused, "when aquatics reigned supreme, the populace wrought themselves into a frenzy over the struggles between the crews of these two aggregations, and the wagers that were staked on the results when they lined up for the pull stacked like a day's transactions on the world's bourses in the clearance—and why not do it again?"

Here he touched his finger to his noodle to see if he was awake, and forthwith went out and organized a crew of Elks. The Myrtles and Healanis will both be represented in the crew Heilbron mustered. They are Ned Crabbe, Ralph Johnson, Louis Underwood and Bert Heilbron as stroke. This husky quadruplet hereby challenges the University Club to put out a crew against them for a go some Saturday two or three weeks hence.

The winning University four in the Pearl Harbor event four years ago were Harold Dillingham, Olie Sorenson, Captain Humphris and Leslie Scott, and the vanquished Elks were Ralph Johnson, Bert Heilbron, George Martin and George Angus.

The oarsmen are planning to have a triple series of races, and they want to arrange it so as to have them all come off on the same day. The shell race between Ned Crabbe's and Bert Heilbron's crews will be one of the events on the card, the Healanis may run something off between themselves. Then there is this Elks vs. University Club go, and the crew of Healanis youngsters who lost out in their spin with a Myrtle sextet a week or so ago. They have been at it ever since, training for a real race, and they are going to make the prize a Thanksgiving dinner. The Myrtles seem to relish the prospect, and this event will probably be a feature of the day's program. The Myrtle crew for this event is made up of Campbell Crozier, stroke; Luther Hough, number one; Charlie Littlejohn, number two; Columbus Sims, number three; Max Bolte, number four; Kinney Smith, number five, and Harry Bailey, coxswain. The Healanis fellows are Fred Evans, stroke; Frank Kinger, number five; H. Klemme, number four; Dick Benny, number three; C. Broadrick, number two; A. Rowat, number one, and L. Cunha, coach. This latter bunch call themselves the Panini crew, and the course over which they will race extends from the spar buoy in to the Marine piers.

At the Myrtle boat-house yesterday afternoon there was not a stir to mar the serenity of the scene. One lone Myrtleite snuggled up in a corner of the boat-house twiddling his thumbs, but other than this game of solitaire there was nothing doing.

HEALANIS PUT IT UP TO
ALEXANDER HUME FORD

The Healanis want to interview Alexander Hume Ford. "Ask him," they said yesterday, "how the trail and mountain penumbulators are entitled to be classed as athletes." Then they had another one for him. Their second query is: "The hable crew rowed against the Hawaiians from Kona for a hundred-dollar cash purse, and some of the hable crew are Outrigger Club boys. What do you know about that?"

OREGON WONDER IS

NOW IT ON ROLLERS

Makes Faster Time Than Forrest Beat Him in Racing
With Manuel Freitas.

George Wilkinson is it, now that Joe Forrest has left these parts. He came in about half a lap ahead in his race with Manuel Freitas at the rink last night, covering the seventeen and a quarter laps course in three minutes, twelve and a half seconds. This is three and a half seconds faster than Forrest made in his last race here when he beat Wilkinson. His time then was three minutes and sixteen seconds. The Oregon flyer won the toss and got the inside of the course. He rested his toe on the starting line and when E. J. Love, who shot them off, pulled the trigger, Wilkinson rolled out on the other foot, giving himself a good start by a kick back with his foot that toed the line. In this manner he got away in the lead and kept ahead to the finish although young Freitas nestled close to him most of the way.

Twice toward the finish Manuel got a little unsteady on his rollers, each time losing some ground. The first time he regained the interval and hung onto the Portland boy's heels, but the second wobble put him out of it. Wilkinson seemed to be handicapped a good deal by the continuous turn and he swung his arms violently as he rounded each corner, while his wheels creaked under the strain. With such a narrow track it might be well to bank up the course all around, which would give the skaters a chance to turn on the high gear.

There was a preliminary race between Joe Freitas and Joe Frayne. Freitas beat Frayne about a lap and a half, covering the mile in three minutes and thirty-eight seconds. Frayne didn't have enough ballast to hold him down and he couldn't always keep headed up to the course. The three sporting lights of the Honolulu press, V. L. Stevenson, J. W. Banes and F. A. Boardman, presided as the judicial tribunal, but they were not required to hand down their judicious opinion. W. B. Bolster was the official timekeeper.

It was announced after the races that the Marine and Port Shafter teams would either pull off a tug of war or play roller skate football at the rink next Sunday night. There was some talk last night about the length of the race course. One opinion was that the seventeen and a quarter laps made a short mile. Some time ago, it was said, sixteen laps were called a mile and the whirlwinds on wheels were breaking all the world's records. They made it twenty laps then, but this was too long and now they have compromised, it was declared, on seventeen and a quarter.

WANT MANOA TENNIS
CLUB TO GO SLOW

The Manoa Valley Tennis Club will hold its regular annual meeting at the clubhouse next Tuesday evening, beginning at eight o'clock. An election of officers will be one of the features of the proceedings, and then the proposed night tournament will come under discussion.

Some of the tennis players want to run off an invitational series, to begin next Thursday evening and continue for three nights. This proposition is not favored by all the members, and will probably bring about a gentlemanly clash during the session on Tuesday night. While the club is said to be strong financially and on the right side of the balance sheet, some improvements are urgently needed, and the more conservative element of the club wants to hold up all activities until there are sufficient funds in the treasury to install dressing-rooms and other adjuncts which go to make up a well-regulated tennis club.

Every time one of these invitational tournaments is pulled off, it was declared yesterday, it costs the club about fifty dollars for lighting and other incidentals, in addition to the excellent array of refreshments, which, however, are generally donated by individual members at considerable personal expense. The conservative party would hold up the festive functions until, what they insist are necessary, improvements are made.

TELL TERRIBLE TALES
OF WAIPAHU DOINGS

A swarm of wild-eyed Portuguese blew into town yesterday afternoon and breezed around about doings out at Waipahu. It appears from their tell that Alexis and Evans were playing a baseball game and the latter won out in the scuffle. They said Charlie Espinda espied Seraphin Simao of this burg and the pair had a fistie altercation wherein the latter sustained a cut on the lip and whereas father Espinda proceeded to try to pinch him, Charlie's old man is a Waipahu cop and he just thought he would run Seraphin Simao in so his son couldn't get another crack at him. Johnnie Williams, the informant exclaimed, was umpiring the game when a Waipahu man requested him to favor the Alexis.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Perkins. "I am sure our garden is going to be a success." "So soon?" "Yes; the chickens have tasted everything, and they are perfectly enthusiastic."—Washington Star.

JIM HOAD ACCEPTS;

LOVE LIKES MATCH

The Native Cyclone May Meet
Trooper Baursocks at
Orpheum.

Jim Hoad says he will accept the challenge of Trooper Baursocks of the Fighting Fifth Cavalry for a fifteen-round go, and E. J. Love says he will promote it, so there is likely to be a cyclone at the Orpheum pretty soon now for the fistie fans to indulge their emotions. Both men have fought Soldier McCollough and were not knocked out, so they class up like a pretty good pair for the matchmakers. Hoad's last scrap was with the doughboy, and the native lad got the decision. He took no chances in his fuss with the iron man, but the time before, when he put it all over Tim Terrien, the two went at it like a pair of whirlwinds turned loose, and Tim turned turtle when the third snail hit him.

Love said last night that he ought to get the Orpheum for a reasonable rental, and he thought this match would fill the house at reasonable prices. Joe Cohen expects a show down on the steamer Makura from Vancouver, which is due here on the eleventh of October, and Love explained that he would have to pull off his stunt before the theatrical bunch landed, if the fight was to take place at the Orpheum. With these two men for the principal bout, he said he could get up a couple of good preliminaries. Joe McGurn is anxious to mix it with Jim, and he will have a chance to challenge the winner.

Love promised to get busy on the deal the first of this week, and he thought that he could work it up by a week from next Saturday.

KIDDO SHEBA'S ANTIQUES
LAY OUT LILIPUTIANS

There were a couple of baseball games at Aala park yesterday. In the morning Kiddo Sheba's antiques laid the Liliputians out with a score of twenty-four to thirteen. The hasbeens had been saving themselves up for twenty odd years and they couldn't stop when they once got to going. The Japanese High School team went up against the Fuso aggregation in the afternoon and trimmed them nine to seven.

MASKED BOXER NEW

HOPE OF WHITE RACE

Latest Johnson Knockout Drop
Oozes From Aristocracy and
Lights on New York.

"Little old New York, the home of folly, is again falling for an extra large chunk of bank in the form of 'the new hope of the white race,'" writes T. P. Maglignan with an affluence of reckless verbiage which melts itself into type for the Frisco Bulletin's gentle readers to blink at in the glim of artificial light. "This 'new hope,'" T. P. continues, "has all the old hopes beaten off a city block. The 'new hope' appears nightly at one of the roof gardens, and is known as the masked boxer."

"The 'Masked Boxer,' so some New York sporting authorities assure all who have the price to take a peek at him, is the man destined to beat Jack Johnson. And say, for measurements this 'Masked Boxer' is the bear feline. He is 6 feet 4 inches, weighs 213 pounds, and has a longer reach than John Arthur Johnson. He is as strong as boarding-house butter. In peace he is as docile as a lamb, but when he gets his dander up he bends lamp post with his bare hands. Anyhow, that is what a New York newspaper has to say for and about him in a full page article, profusely illustrated with large cuts, and set up in bold-face type."

But that ain't half of it. The author of the article assures the gentle readers that besides being the bear feline in the ring, he is also the bell cow in society circles.

According to the truthful scribe, the Masked Boxer has so much money that he partakes of only the tongues of nightingales frapped for breakfast. His family is the big noise in the "four hundred," and they occupy more space in Burke's Peerage than the "Masked Boxer" occupies in the blue books of either Tommy Andrews or Richard K. Fox.

Now, of course, coming from the front families, the "Masked Boxer" does not want to let his name be known. That's the reason he wears the mask. Of course, the "Masked Boxer" is not in the game for the money there's in it. That would be crude. But up to date, however, it is not recorded that anyone has been

able to make his way past the guardian of the outer gate without the necessary transportation.

Mama Objects.

Now the "Masked Boxer's" folks know that he is a bear feline and that any time he gets ready he can tear Jack Johnson in half and leave him on both sides of the ring.

This "unknown's" mother does not want him to enter the rude sport of boxing. It would injure her standing with the Van Alstyne Fishers, and her entry would be refused at the social functions given by the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco. One has to be careful about one's social standing nowadays. The "unknown" knows this, and the author of the full-page story with cuts, etc., has pointed out that the "unknown" thoughtfully bulled his "maw" to take an eighteen months Cook's Tour of Europe. You see the "unknown" is going to eat Johnson some day during this eighteen months that his "maw" is away, and he doesn't want her to know anything about it.

The "Masked Boxer" is as fearless as an actor. He doesn't care how many persons separate themselves from the price to see him in the mask.

The "unknown" is going to lend a lot of eclat and class to boxing. Before he spars he has his Florida water bath, applies the talcum and appears in trunks of peau de soie, or mescaline de something. After this he takes on a few boxers and a whole lot of the \$766,883 "sneakers" the census enumerator allots the big village go away in ecstasies, assured that they have seen the man that's jes' again' to whale the bitumen out of that big chocolate drop, Mistah John Artha Johnson. Of course, one should not be too hard on all the "bobs" who are "falling" for the "Masked Boxer." Some of them live in Brooklyn and small frailties come natural to them.

We don't know any more about this "Masked Boxer" than we have read in the full-page story, profusely illustrated, but it is almost a cinch that if he lived in San Francisco and there was a bit of artistic porch-climbing pulled off, that Chief Martin would have a few slenuths on his trail.

Rube Town After All.

For a town of its size and health this New York is one awful boob burg. It even had the bad form to annex Brooklyn. More hoaxes have been pulled off and put on in New York than in all the rest of these United States, singly and severally.

One of the best—no better than this "Masked Boxer" business—but one of the best was when they ribbed up a match between Peter Maher and Mike Morrissey for the championship of Ireland. At that time Peter Maher was a pretty nifty sort, but he had been

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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